

PS 3515
.A575
A4
1919
Copy 1



D. NENDICK.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	8 8
Abbu San of Old Japan, 2 acts, 2 hrs.....(25c)	15
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs.....(25c)	1 9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
All for the Cause, 1 act, 1¼ hrs.....(25c)	10
All on Account of Polly, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 10
And Home Came Ted, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(35c)	6 6
Arizona Cowboy, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	7 5
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	9 7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 14
Boy Scout Hero, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	17
Boy Scouts' Good Turn, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs.....(25c)	16 2
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	7 3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7 4
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	7 4
Call of the Colors, 2 acts, 1½ hrs.....(25c)	4 10
Call of Wohelo, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs.....(25c)	10
Camouflage of Shirley, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(35c)	8 10
Civil Service, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 5
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	9 8
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 4
Deacon Dubbs, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5 5
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6 4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	8 4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr....(25c)	10
Enchanted Wood, 1¾ h.(35c).Optnl.	
Everyyouth, 3 acts, 1½ h. (25c)	7 6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
Fifty-Fifty, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	6 8
For the Love of Johnny, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(35c)	6 3
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs.(25c)	9 14

	M. F.
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	3 5
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	12
Indian Days, 1 hr.....(50c)	5 2
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	6 4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs.(25c)	14 17
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	10 9
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	6 12
Lady of the Library, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	5 10
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	4 5
Lighthouse Nan, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	5 4
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 4
Little Clodhopper, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	3 4
Mirandy's Minstrels....(25c)	Optnl.
Mrs. Tubbs Does Her Bit, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	7 7
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	4 7
Old Fashioned Mother, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	6 6
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs.(25c)	2 16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	8 6
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs.(25c)	12 9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	10 4
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	4 4
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h.(25c)	7 4
Real Thing After All, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(35c)	7 9
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	10 12
Ruth in a Rush, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(35c)	7 9
Safety First, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	5 5
Savageland, 2 acts, 2½ hrs.(50c)	5 5
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	7
Spark of Life, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	4 4
Spell of the Image, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	10 10
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2½ h. (25c)	6 5
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	6 4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	9 16
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	7 4

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE OR THE HOODOOED COON

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PLAYS

INCLUDING

*"Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "Abbu San of Old Japan," "And Home
Came Ted," "Civil Service," "A College Town," "Deacon
Dubbs," "A Dream of Queen Esther," "An Early Bird,"
"Kicked Out of College," "Macbeth a la Mode," "Mrs.
Tubbs of Shantytown," "My Irish Rose," "An Old
Fashioned Mother," "Parlor Matches," "A Poor
Married Man," "A Rustic Romeo," "A
Southern Cinderella," "The White
Christmas and Other Merry
Christmas Plays," Etc.*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

1912

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE

It starts with a laugh
And ends with a roar;
And when it's all over
You'll want some more.
So don't be grumpy
And don't be glum,
And wish, by heck!
You hadn't come.

PS3515

A575A4

1919

We'll do our best
To give a good show,
But we need some help
From you, you know!
So laugh out loud —
Applaud and grin,
And A Hoodooed Coon
Can't help but win.

NOTICE

Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers. Moving picture rights reserved.

DEC -3 1919



COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY WALTER BEN HARE

OLD 53244

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE

OR

A HOODOOED COON

CHARACTERS

As produced by the Crow-Seligman Company with the following cast of players:

MISERY MOON.....	<i>A Hoodooed Coon</i>
	MR. JOHNNY VAN.
GIDEON BLAIR.....	<i>A Millionaire</i>
	MR. GEORGE W. SELIGMAN.
TOM RISSE.....	<i>As Slick as a Whistle</i>
	MR. CARTER KIMBALL.
HIRAM TUTT.....	<i>An Awful Nut</i>
	MR. ARCHIE CROW.
PATRICK KELLER.....	<i>A Ticket Seller</i>
	MR. CHARLEY LOAM.
SAMANTHA SLADE.....	<i>A Poor Old Maid</i>
	MRS. LAURA SELIGMAN.
ROSEBUD REESE.....	<i>Her Charming Niece</i>
	MISS CATHERINE CROW.
PAULA MALEEK.....	<i>A Bolshevik</i>
	MISS JIMMIE MASON.
LULU PEARL.....	<i>A Jazz-time Girl</i>
	MISS ESTHER CROW.

TIME — *Today.*

PLACE — *A Railroad Station in Slabtown, Missouri.*

TIME OF PLAYING — *Two Hours.*

ACT I — The railroad station. A grouchy millionaire. A Jazz-Time Wedding.

ACT II — The next day. Paula on the trail. The bomb explodes!

ACT III — An hour later. Shhh! Not so loud.

STORY OF THE PLAY

"Always in Trouble; or A Hoodooed Coon," is a lively farce full of laugh-provoking situations and witticisms, but absolutely clean in every respect. It has been presented by professional actors and by fourteen-year-old boys and girls as a closing exercise for the Eighth Grade and meets with hearty laughter and approval by the most critical audience. Like most farces this play depends more on its action and humor for its success than upon a complicated plot. Gideon Blair, aged 93, and a multi-millionaire, has determined to marry his grandchild Rosebud to the son of his old friend. If either of the young people refuse to marry the other, the one refusing loses a million dollars.

Tom, who has never seen Rosebud, mistakes an old maid for the heiress and hires Tutt to impersonate himself, thinking that the heiress will refuse to marry him. Rosebud tries to persuade Tutt not to marry her by feigning insanity, but when she learns that Tutt is merely masquerading as Tom she nearly scares the life out of him.

The comedy scenes are furnished by Misery Moon, a hoodooed colored boy, always in trouble; Lulu Pearl, whose every move and speech is rag-time; Paula Maleek, who is after Tutt with a dynamite bomb; Samantha, the funny old maid; and Patrick, the bewildered ticket-seller. Misery Moon is the star part and his fights with a colored cook (who does not appear in the play) afford great farcical opportunity, as do his frantic efforts to collect nine dollars from the old multi-millionaire.

Songs, choruses, etc., may be introduced if desired.

NOTES FOR THE MANAGER

1. The play may be made into a musical comedy with choruses, etc., by following the advice embodied in the text.
2. The play may be given as a straight farce by cutting the specialties.
3. The cast can be reduced to 5 male and 3 female characters by having Samantha and Paula double.
4. The play may be given without scenery, if desired. A front curtain is all that is necessary.
5. Be sure to fire off the gun at the proper moment at the end of Act II.
6. Advertise the play ten days before it is given. Colored pictures of the characters may be cut from magazines and pasted on posters. By all means have a program.
7. An orchestra is a valuable asset, but the play has been successfully produced with only piano accompaniment.
8. See that the lines are learned word for word and that the situations are carefully worked out in rehearsals.
9. A dress rehearsal is necessary for Misery — to see that he makes the proper changes in the given time. Also for Paula and Samantha if they are played by the same person.
10. The stage manager generally plays the rôle of Pat, as this gives him a chance to attend to most of the business off stage.
11. In advertising call the play either "Always in Trouble," or "A Hoodooed Coon," but do not use both titles, as this is confusing to the public.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMS

Act I — Railroad office at Slabtown, Mizzouri. "A poor hungry cullud man, wif a cullud wife an' nine hungry cullud orphan chilluns." Lulu chants her troubles in jazz-time. The mysterious Mr. Tutt says, "Shhh! Not so loud!" Misery dons his preacher coat but has no success with the turbulent cook. Mr. Blair, the multi-millionaire, aged 93, and his wheel chair. Misery tells about his hard luck. "I's a regular profaned parson ob de African Spiritualism Church." A jazz-time wedding.

Act II — The next day. The giddy old maid Samantha Slade tries to make an impression on Tutt. Rosebud and her college chums arrive on the train and decide to liven up the town. Paula arrives with her bomb on the trail of Mr. Tutt. Misery tries to collect his nine dollars from the millionaire. "Some people are always borrowing trouble." "Yaas, and some are always borrowing nine dollars." Misery thinks the bomb is a baseball. A black hero.

Act III — An hour later. Misery still a hoodooed coon. "Good-bye, Good Luck, you once was mine, but now I knows you is a shine!" Rose makes Tutt think she is insane. "When I am frantic I creep — creep — creep!" Tutt refuses to marry Rose and she wins the million. The hoodooed coon meets with Good Luck at last.

COSTUMES AND MAKE-UP

MISERY — A doleful colored boy. Play the part in a slow, sad melancholy manner. To make-up take a lump of prepared burnt cork the size of a hickory nut in the palm of the left hand, add a little water to make a paste, draw a black line with right forefinger around the mouth, curving the corners downward. Rub palms together and wash face, neck and ears with cork, being careful not to get inside the black line around mouth. Remove superfluous cork with soft brush. Blacken outside of hands or wear black gloves. To remove the make-up use soap and warm water. Caution: Do not use any grease or cold cream or red paint, as these cosmetics make the black adhere to the face. Use ordinary negro wig, or rumple your own hair and darken with cork. Wear large tattered shoes throughout the play.

FIRST COSTUME — that of a tattered tramp with trousers to ankle and little gaudy cap. SECOND COSTUME — add a long preacher's coat, an enormous white bow tie and a battered stove-pipe hat made of pasteboard covered with black cloth. In Act II wear your "explosion" costume, rags hanging in strings, shirt in rags or strips, etc., attached to black tights. Over this wear the long coat hiding the tatters underneath. Act III same costume as Act I, but change for final scene to gaudy check suit, fancy vest, red tie and new plug hat. When you enter after the explosion in Act II your face should be whitened in spots with flour, necessitating another make-up for Act III. This is the star rôle and should be properly costumed.

GIDEON — A palsied old man of 93. Black skull cap with white hair sewed on behind. Neat old man's costume. Left foot bandaged as big as a small pillow. Cane. Study the voice of a querulous old man, sometimes mumbling, then vociferating loudly. For make-up apply thin coating of cold cream to face, rub in with finger tips, remove most

of it with cheesecloth until skin feels quite dry. Apply grease paint No. 2 over face evenly and allow to dry. Wrinkle your face and draw lines of dark gray where wrinkles naturally appear. For small stages the lines should be little wider than lead-pencil lines and not too dark. Draw pale flesh-colored lines on either side of the gray lines and blend the edges together. Line forehead, between eyebrows, from ends of nostrils to corners of mouth, then the neck and hands. Put crow's-feet at corners of eyes. Sink the hollows of the cheeks with dark gray carefully blended into pale flesh color. Sink eyes the same way. Put on cap. Paste on bushy white eyebrows. Powder lightly. Note: This difficult make-up should be used several times at rehearsal. Use no red color, except on upper eyelash.

TOM — Good looking juvenile lead. Neat costumes. Change for Second Act. Juvenile make-up.

TUTT — Tall, thin man of 40. Tight fitting black suit. White socks. Trouser too short. Black hat shaped round. Large library spectacles. Face made up pale. Gray shadows around the eyes. Use no red.

PAT — Juvenile make-up.

SAMANTHA — Old maid make-up. Old fashioned costume. Old maid wig. Large bonnet. Reticule, lace mitts, corkscrew curls, etc.

ROSEBUD — Juvenile make-up. Hair down in curls. Neat travelling suit in Act II. White dress in Act III.

PAULA — Red and black costume. Russian blouse. Dark make-up. Hair in vampire style. Large ear-rings. Russian cap trimmed with fur. She carries a bomb.

LULU — Act I. Black dress and white apron. Hat back of counter. Change to wedding dress with long train and mosquito-bar veil. Act II. Pink dress. Act III same as Act II.

PROPERTIES

Sign, " Tickets."

Sign, *Slabtown, Missouri.*

381 miles to St. Louis.

16 miles to Neuralgy.

Sandpaper on handles for train effect.

Whistle and bell off stage at L.

Newspaper for TUTT.

Grips and railway folder for TOM.

Tin pan for helmet for MISERY.

Tin cover for shield for MISERY.

Wooden razor for MISERY.

Bomb in bag for PAULA. Make the bomb by painting a baseball black and attaching a fuse from a large fire-cracker.

Note: This fuse must burn with a sputtering flame.

Cane for GIDEON.

Wheel-chair for GIDEON.

Large book for MISERY with large spectacles.

Bandages for GIDEON'S foot.

Crash box off R. Crockery in wooden box.

Cracked bowls or plates to break on stage.

Reticule for SAMANTHA and 30 cts. in purse.

Purse in stocking for MISERY.

Nine old bills for MISERY.

Market basket and sunflowers for Wedding Scene.

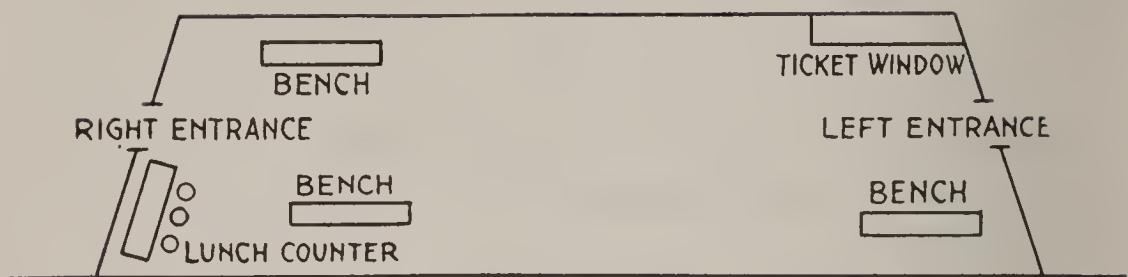
Bridal wreath and bouquet for LULU.

Vanity case for LULU.

Dagger for ROSE.

Lots of imitation money (bills) for MISERY.

SCENE PLOT



STAGE DIRECTIONS

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE

or

A HOODOOED COON

ACT I

SCENE: *The interior of the railway station at Slabtown, Mizzouri. Plain interior setting with entrances R. and L. Ticket seller's window in L. upper corner. This may be constructed on a framework of scantling covered with brown cloth, or painted canvas. Sign — Tickets — over the window. Small lunch counter down R. with three small stools in front of it. This may be made of a narrow table with brown cloth tacked around the legs. Benches around stage. Shoe-store benches answer the purpose. Maps and time-tables tacked on walls. Large sign at rear reads:*

SLABTOWN, MIZZOURY

381 miles to St. Louis

16 miles to Neuralgy.

Discovered: LULU standing behind the counter. PATRICK in ticket window. Several extra people dressed as country travellers (Old Lady with children, Farmer, Country Bride and Groom, Old Maid with numerous bundles, padded Dutchman, etc.), seated on the benches.

As soon as the curtain is well up MISERY MOON enters from L. and slouches up to the ticket window.

MISERY. 'Scuse me, mister, could you-all help a pore lonesome hungry cullud orphan man wif de loan of a dime?

PATRICK. Beat it.

MISERY. Honest, boss, I isn't had nuffin to eat fo' seben

days — and I's got six, small, starvin', orphan chilluns jes' as hungry as I is.

PAT. You beat it, or I'll call the dog.

MISERY. Call him, call him — an' I'll eat him. (*Slouches down to lunch counter.*) Say, lady, I'z a poor hungry orphan man, wif a hungry wife, an' nine hungry orphan chilluns. Can't you, please ma'am, spare me a little bite to eat?

LULU. Nothing doing.

MISERY. I'z so hungry, lady, dat I jes' naturally can't hold myself together. I'z a hard-workin' man, lady, but I can't find no employment at my occupation.

LULU. What is your occupation?

MISERY. I'z a snow shoveller, I is.

LULU. On your way. This is July. (*To audience.*) Snow shoveller! wouldn't that put a crimp in your marcel?

MISERY. Dat's how come I can't git no work at my occupation. Now, lady, if you could jes' only —

LULU (*in sing-song tone, swaying shoulders in time*). You'd better heed my talk,

And be on your way,
Or they'll send you to the rock-pile
At the break of day.

MISERY (*imitates her*).

I done heerd you talkin'
An' it sounded straight,
So I'm a goin' to beat it

Through de kitchen gate. (*Starts out at R.*)

LULU. Hold on, don't go in there. (MISERY *pauses at R. door.*) We've got a rampageous cook in there, and she'll just naturally beat you to death.

MISERY. Is she a cullud cook?

LULU. She is, but she don't like tramps.

MISERY. Lady, I ain' no tramp. No'm, I ain't. I'z jes' a sun-burned son ob misfortune, I am, and hungry,

oom, lady! I'z so hungry dat de interior ob my anatomy is nuffin but a scooped-out vacuum. I'm gwine to take a chance. (*Exits at R.*)

LULU (*after a slight pause starts a jazz-time recitation, swaying shoulders and snapping fingers in time to her sing-song delivery.*)

I ain't a goin' to stand it,
 I'm a goin' to pack my grip
 And leave this one-horse village
 For a railroad trip.
 I never was cut out
 For a tall-grass clown,
 So I'm a goin' to beat it
 To New York town.

PAT (*questions*).

New York town?

LULU (*positively*).

New York town.

PAT. She says she's going to beat it
 To New York town.

LULU (*as before*).

They call this place Slabtown,.
 It's sure labelled right ;
 The constabule locks it up
 At nine o'clock at night.
 I sit and twirl me thumbs,
 There's nothing else to do ;
 The only chickens in this burg (*Slight pause.*)
 Sing cock-a-doodle do.

PAT (*questions*).

Cock-a-doodle do?

LULU (*positively*).

Cock-a-doodle do!

PAT. I love to hear the chickens
 Sing cock-a-doodle do.

LULU (*as before*).

I thought I'd struck a live job
 At the lunch counter here,
 But the town's been dead and buried
 For pretty near a year.
 The only big excitement
 They've had since '85
 Was when a mule kicked the deacon
 In his front bee-hive.

PAT (*questions*).

Front bee-hive?

LULU (*positively*).

Front bee-hive!

BOTH (*laughing*).

A mule kicked the deacon
 In his front bee-hive.

Loud noise of fighting, yells and wrangling heard outside at R. MISERY is thrown in from R., lighting face downward flat on floor at C. He picks himself up with great contortions and exits at L., limping badly and howling like a wounded dog.

LULU. Well, I guess he took a look —
 And I guess he met the cook.
 When he thought no one was near
 She attacked him in the rear.
 And it's good-bye Jonah
 And it's good-bye Dan —
 For the cook's got no use
 For a hobo man.

Enter HIRAM TUTT from L., striding in dramatically with long steps. He crosses to lunch counter mysteriously.

TUTT (*finger at lips, gives a prolonged "sh" sound*),
 Shhh!

LULU (*startled*). Say, where do you get that Shhh!

TUTT. Not so loud. It's a mystery. (*Strides over to ticket office and repeats the same business.*) Shhh!

PAT (*alarmed*). What is it? What's the matter with you?

TUTT. Not so loud. We mustn't be observed. What time can I get a train to Neuralgy?

PAT. In about twenty minutes.

TUTT. Has there been anyone in here looking for me?

PAT. How do I know? Say, what's the matter with you, anyway?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. No one must notice us. I am trying to escape.

PAT. What from — the bug house or the police?

TUTT. Neither. (*Pause.*) From a woman.

PAT. Well, you shouldn't have any trouble. One look at you and a woman would start the other way. (*Loudly.*) Say, who are you?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. I can't tell you who I am because I am in disguise. The lady who is looking for me is a foreigner. She is dressed in black and red and has a Russian air.

PAT. A Russian hair? Only one.

TUTT. No, no. Not hair, air. She walks with a cat-like tread and carries herself well. She also carries a bomb.

PAT. A bum? Can't he walk?

TUTT. No, no. A bomb of dynamite. Her name is Maleek. Paula Maleek.

PAT. What does she want *you* for?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. It's a mystery, but she mustn't find me. That's why I am going to Neuralgy. I'm going to hide myself. If she asks for me, you haven't seen me. You never saw me, you don't know I'm living. See? (*Puts fingers to lips.*) Shhh! Not a word. (*Tip-*

toes to door at L.) Shhh! When she comes you must throw her off the track.

PAT. Throw her off yourself. I ain't got time.

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. Remember, remember, remember! (*Tiptoes out at L.*)

LULU (*to audience*). Well, wouldn't that put a postage stamp on your postcard? (*To PAT.*) Say, Pat, his father must have been a colonel.

PAT. A colonel? Why?

LULU. Because he's a human nut.

PAT. Maybe he was bitten by a squirrel. Shhh! Not so loud.

LULU. Well, if I ever get like that take me out to the park and feed me to the little dickie birds.

Specialty may be introduced at this point by LULU, with chorus by PAT and extra people.

Enter from L., MISERY dressed in tattered stove-pipe hat, long dark coat or overcoat, large spectacles, big white tie. He carries large book and walks in very dignified.

MISERY (*in jazz-time*).

Here comes de preacher,

In his long black coat,

Ain't no yaller cook

Kin get ma goat.

I'm goin' in yonder (*Points to R.*)

Wif my book in ma hand

An' blow dat yaller cook

Into de promised land. (*Exits R.*)

Enter SAMANTHA SLADE from L. She flounces over to PATRICK.

SAMANTHA. What time does the three thirty train get in?

PAT. Say, lady, don't hand me nothing like that. The three thirty train gets in at five fifteen.

SAMANTHA. Will it be on time?

PAT. Don't make me laugh, I got the toothache.

SAMANTHA. Now, you see here, Mr. Smarty, I'm the young lady from Gideon Blair's house and he owns this railroad, he does.

PAT. Yes, ma'am. (*Meekly.*) I know he does.

SAMANTHA. Mr. Blair sent me over here to meet a passenger who's coming in on the three thirty train. He's waiting over there in the Park and if you get impudent I'll report it to him, and you know what that'll mean.

PAT. You're fired.

SAMANTHA. It'll mean that you're fired.

PAT. Tell Mr. Blair that the train will be here in ten minutes.

SAMANTHA. You'd better telegraph it to hurry up, because Gideon Blair don't like to be kept waiting.

PAT. Yes, ma'am. I will.

Loud noise heard outside at R. MISERY is flung into the room again. He reels like dazed. Reels up beside SAMANTHA, looks at her, takes a sharp audible intake of breath and reels out at L.

SAMANTHA. Mercy me, what was that?

PAT. That? Why that was just a black cloud that tried to start a storm, but it's all over now.

SAMANTHA. I never saw such carryings on. I'll report this matter to Mr. Blair and do you know what he'll say?

PAT. You're fired.

SAMANTHA. That's right. (*Flounces to door at L.*) And you will be, too. (*Exits L.*)

LULU. So that's old man Blair's heiress, is it? I've heard of her, but I never saw her before. (*Imitates SAMANTHA'S high-pitched voice.*) I never saw such carryings

on. I'll report that matter to Mr. Blair. (*In natural voice.*) Wouldn't that rattle the panes in your sash?

PAT. She didn't look much like an heiress, did she?

LULU. I'll say she did. She was just full of airs. (*Imitates SAMANTHA.*) You'd better telegraph the train to hurry up, 'cause Mr. Blair don't like to be kept waiting.

PAT. Here she comes now?

LULU. Who, the heiress?

PAT. No, the train.

Whistle heard in distance. Extra people gather up grips, etc. Noise of approaching train heard outside at L. Rub two pieces of sandpaper tacked on boards together. Whistle and bell. Extra people hurry out. Enter TOM RISSLE carrying grips. He goes to PAT.

TOM. Excuse me, but can you tell me where Mr. Blair lives?

PAT. Mr. Blair, the millionaire?

TOM. Sure. The owner of this railroad.

PAT. Of course. He lives in the white stone palace on the hill.

TOM. And he has a granddaughter, hasn't he?

PAT. I believe he has. She was just in here.

TOM. Is she pretty?

PAT. She's the heiress of a million dollars. Ain't that enough?

TOM. I see. She's a freak.

PAT. Well, I've seen handsomer women.

LULU. She was looking for you.

TOM. For me?

LULU. She was just in here and said she was expecting someone in on the train.

TOM. Not me. She isn't looking for me, and I'll bet two dollars I'm not looking for her. (*Crosses over to LULU.*)

PAT. Well, she's looking for someone.

Enter TUTT from L.

TUTT (*dramatically poses at L.*). She is looking for me.

PAT. Are you here again?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. Has she been here?

PAT. Do you mean the lady at Mr. Blair's?

TUTT. No, no. I mean a funny looking lady.

PAT. If she ain't funny I never saw a comic supplement.

TUTT. Is she a Russian?

PAT. She is. She went a rushin' out o' here.

TUTT. Then I must escape.

PAT. She's over there in the park. (*Points to L.*)

TUTT. Then I must dissemble. (*Sits on bench at R., reads newspaper, holding it very close to his eyes.*)

Enter SAMANTHA from L.

SAMANTHA. The train's in, isn't it?

PAT. Sure.

SAMANTHA. Did a young lady get off?

PAT. I didn't see a young lady. That young man got off. (*Points to TOM.*)

SAMANTHA. (*Goes to TOM.*) Excuse me, sir, but did you see a young lady get off the train?

TOM. No, ma'am.

SAMANTHA. I only wanted to know, that's all. (*Giggles.*) I hope you won't think me bold in addressing a perfect stranger. I'm sure Mr. Blair wouldn't like it. Tell me, you don't think I'm bold, do you?

TOM. Oh, no.

SAMANTHA. We girls have to be so careful. (*Giggles.*) Mr. Blair never likes to have me out of his sight. (*Backs into TUTT.*) Oh, I beg your pardon. (*Turns to TUTT, who conceals himself behind the paper.*) What a peculiar man. (*Crosses to L.*) Good afternoon. (*Exits L.*)

TOM. And that is Rosebud Reese?

LULU. She's the lady who lives at Mr. Blair's.

TOM. (*Wilts in chair or bench.*) Good-night, I can see my finish. I'm going back to St. Louis. (*Reads railroad folder.*)

Enter MISERY from L. wearing first costume but with a tin pan on head as a helmet and a tin cover for a shield. He carries a large wooden razor and walks tough, very tough.

MISERY (*jazzes*).

I'm goin' to walk into dat kitchen
And eat till I gits through,
And if dat cook gits dangerous,
Gwine to carve her clean in two.

(*Exits R.*)

PAT has closed the ticket window and now enters at L. and comes to LULU.

PAT. How's business, peaches?

LULU. If this railroad is depending on me to see 'em through the present financial crisis they'll starve to death. I ain't took in a whole dollar in two days. I'm going to resign.

PAT. And go away and leave me?

LULU. Why don't you resign too? You could make twice as much in the city.

PAT. I'll do it, if you'll consent to be me own blushin' little bride.

LULU. Do you really want me, Patrick?

PAT. Do I? Does a duck swim?

LULU. Let's go over to the park and watch the rippling waters in the lake. Then we'll talk it over.

PAT. Can you leave the lunch counter?

LULU. Can I? Watch me. (*Takes off apron, puts on hat. Powders nose in hand glass, arranges hair, etc.*)

PAT. My, my, but you look good to Patrick.

LULU (*comes to him and takes his arm*). None of that now. Wait till we get to the park. (*They start out at L.*)

Enter PAULA MALEEK from L., dramatically.

PAULA. Hold!

LULU. What do you mean by hold?

(TUTT exhibits great fright at the sound of PAULA's voice. He gets down on hands and knees and crawls behind the counter.)

PAULA. I am looking for a man.

LULU. You've got nothing on me. And what's more I got what I was looking for.

PAULA. (*Grabs PAT and looks eagerly in his face, scaring him.*) Are you in disguise? No, no. (*Throws him violently to L.*) You are not Tutt!

PAT. Tutt? Well, I should say I'm not. Tutt? Tut, tut! (*Exits L., with LULU on his arm.*)

PAULA (*rushes down to TOM who rises*). Tell me, have you seen Tutt?

TOM. I don't think I have. What is a Tutt?

PAULA. He is an animal. (*TUTT's face is visible to the audience, behind counter.*) A villain, a worm, a scorpion that stung the hand that fed him.

TOM. Sorry, I haven't seen any scorpions today.

PAULA. He was my slave, my serf. But he has disappeared and with him, me papers. (*Crosses to L.*) But when I find him, ah, ha! When I find him death—slow, sure and certain. (*Takes bomb from bag.*) This is a bomb. You tremble, do you? Well, so will Tutt. Let him beware a Bolshevik's vengeance. Let him beware! (*Exits L.*)

TUTT (*crawls out on hands and knees*). Has she gone?

TOM. She has. Are you Tutt?

TUTT (*on floor, looks up at TOM sadly*). I am. I'm Tutt.

TOM. The lady is evidently waiting for Tutt.

TUTT. Yes, and when she finds me — blooey — one blast and it's all off. Oh, why did I ever get mixed up with the Bolsheviks?

TOM. Are you a Bolshevik?

TUTT. I was, but when I drew the purple button I flew.

TOM. The purple button?

TUTT. Yes. That meant that I had to blow up somebody.

TOM. So you flew?

TUTT. I flew.

TOM. (*Shakes hands with him*.) I don't blame you.

TUTT. But she flew after me. Oh, it's dreadful. Everywhere I go she follows me. Oh, if I could only disguise myself so she couldn't find me, if I could only be somebody else.

TOM. Ah, an idea! Sit down. How would you like to work for me?

TUTT. Would I be safe?

TOM. As safe as if you were in jail. In fact I want you to become another man.

TUTT. What man?

TOM. Myself.

TUTT. I don't understand.

TOM. It's this way. In order to inherit a million dollars I've got to marry a girl.

TUTT. That isn't bad.

TOM. Isn't it? It was the old maid who was in here a moment ago.

TUTT. Not me! Take back your million, I won't marry her.

TOM. If she marries me she gets a million.

TUTT. She ought to give it to you.

TOM. But if I refuse to marry her I lose my million.

TUTT. Unless she refuses you first.

TOM. Precisely. Now I want you to go to Gideon Blair's house and say that you are me. Then make them all disgusted with you — she refuses to marry you — and I get a million.

TUTT. And what do I get?

TOM. You get a hundred dollars for a week's work.

TUTT. But suppose Paula finds me. Then I'll have to spend the hundred dollars for my own tombstone.

TOM. She won't find you. I'll give you a railway pass down to Cuba and you will be free from her forever.

TUTT. (*Shakes hands with him.*) I'll do it.

TOM. Come over to the hotel and I'll tell you more about it. (*They cross to L.*)

TUTT. Remember, I won't marry her.

TOM (*loudly*). Marry her? Why, she wouldn't marry you.

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. (*They go out at L.*)

. Enter PAT from R.

PAT. Sure, it's a shame, so it is — that I can't even walk over in the park with my Lulu without old Mr. Blair seeing me. He was headed this way and I just slipped in the back door. (*Goes behind ticket window.*)

Enter from L. SAMANTHA wheeling in GIDEON BLAIR, a fierce old man of 93, in an arm chair. His left foot is swathed in immense bandages. The wheel chair could be omitted and SAMANTHA support him in with cane and crutch, but this is not recommended.

GIDEON BLAIR (*as she wheels him in*). Easy there, easy! Don't you jar me like that. I can't stand being jarred.

You get more clumsy every day, Samantha Slade. I ought to fire you.

SAMANTHA. You've fired me four times today already, Mr. Blair.

GIDEON. Then I'll fire ye again and make it five. Here, put me over there; it's more comfortable. (*She wheels him to L. front.*) Now, where's my granddaughter? I'm all ready for her. Where is she? Where is she?

SAMANTHA. I don't know.

GIDEON. Why don't you know? Didn't I send you to find out where she is? The train's in, ain't it? Her school's out, ain't it? Then why ain't she here? Why ain't she here?

SAMANTHA. I don't know, Mr. Blair. All I know is that she didn't come on the train.

GIDEON. Well, I'll wait till she does come, and when she does, she'll hear from me. (*Looks around.*) Look at this place. Chairs and benches and lunch counter and everything. Too much expense. I'll have to cut down on all this expense here at Slabtown. I'm the president of the railroad and I won't have any money spent that doesn't have to be spent. It looks like a king's palace.

SAMANTHA. It looks very plain to me.

GIDEON. Shut up! I didn't ask your opinion. Put me over there. (*Points to C.*) I'm sitting in a draught. Do you want to murder me?

SAMANTHA. All right. (*Puts him at C.*) Do you feel better now?

GIDEON. Better? *Better?* I'll never feel any better as long as I live. I'm ninety-three years old and I never felt better in fifty years. Where's that ticket-seller? Asleep, I suppose. Well, I'm not paying him seven dollars a week to sleep. And the girl who's supposed to attend to the lunch counter! Where is she? I'll fire her, that's what I'll do. I'll fire her. Why isn't she here?

SAMANTHA. But there aren't any customers here.

GIDEON. What difference does that make? (*Mumbles.*) They think just because I'm ninety-three and a millionaire that I'm not on the job, but I am. (*Yells.*) I am! (*Mumbles.*) I'll fire that ticket-taker and I'll fire that lunch-room girl. (*Yells.*) They're fired. I'll show 'em. I'm the president of this road and I'll show 'em.

Loud noise heard off stage at R. Bumps, yells and crashes. Rattle broken crockery in a wooden box and then throw it on the floor several times. GIDEON dodges. MISERY is flung violently in from R. and several cracked bowls or plates are flung after him. They break on the floor, GIDEON dodging every time. MISERY flat on the floor dodging.

MISERY (*sits on floor*). Dat old cook jes' naturally done took a dislike to me. She's kinda put out about sump'n.

GIDEON. Put out? Put out? Looks like you're the one who's put out. (*Gives old man's chuckle.*)

MISERY (*rising by sections*). Dat's a fac', Mr. Blair, dat's a fac'. Dat ole woman purt' nigh busted me in two. Lucky she hit me on de haid wif dat rollin' pin, kase ef she'd a hit me anywhar else it mighta injured me. But ma haid jes' naturally busted dat rollin' pin in three pieces.

GIDEON. What are you doing here? Why have you followed me? I say, why have you followed me?

MISERY. Well, boss, I reckon you knows de cognizance ob ma visit.

GIDEON. More hard luck, I suppose. You're always in trouble.

MISERY. Man, ma maiden name is Misery. I'z a melancholy nigger from a mournful district and hard luck jes' naturally roosts right under ma hat.

GIDEON. Why don't you cheer up? Good luck is bound to hit you some day.

MISERY. Who, me? Boss, I knowed a man what was walkin' along de street and he fell in a coal-hole and broke bofe his laigs. He sued de man dat owned de coal-hole and got six hundred dollars.

GIDEON. Good. Why didn't you try the same thing?

MISERY. I did. I come along and fell in de same coal-hole. Like to ruined me forever. Broke ma hip-bone, laig joints, left ankle, dislocated ma ribs, discolored ma solar plexus, gimme a permanent infraction ob two-buckles on de lungs, contaminated ma spine and bumped ma anatomy. And what you reckon dey did?

GIDEON. Gave you a thousand dollars?

MISERY. No, sah. No, sah! Dey fined me 'leben dollars an' seventy-two cents for tryin' to steal coal. (Pause.) Mr. Blair, ma maiden name is Misery. (Note: MISERY always speaks in a mournful voice and looks heart-broken.)

GIDEON. Well, why don't you go to work? Go to work! Go to work!

MISERY. Can't git no work. And worser'n dat ma wife can't git no work. And ma thirteen lil chilluns dey can't git no work neither.

PAT appears in ticket window

PAT. Telegram for Mr. Blair. Telegram for Mr. Blair!

GIDEON. (To SAMANTHA.) There's a telegram for me. Maybe it's from Rosebud. Go and get it.

SAMANTHA (goes to window). I'll take it.

PAT. Nine dollars and thirty cents charges.

SAMANTHA. (Goes to GIDEON.) There's nine dollars and thirty cents charges on it.

GIDEON. What?

SAMANTHA. That's what he said.

GIDEON. I won't pay it. I'm the president of this road and I won't pay it.

PAT. Then you don't get it.

GIDEON. I never heard of such a thing. Where's it from?

PAT. St. Louis. Thirty cents for the telegram and nine dollars war tax.

GIDEON (*searching in his pockets*). I haven't any money.

PAT. Then you haven't any telegram.

GIDEON. But I've got to have it.

PAT. Nine dollars and thirty cents.

GIDEON. Samantha, have you got any money?

SAMANTHA (*looks in reticule*). I've got thirty cents.

GIDEON. Give it to him. (SAMANTHA *gives it to PAT*.)

PAT. Nine dollars more. War tax. No nine dollars no telegram.

GIDEON. Misery, have you got nine dollars?

MISERY. Who, me?

GIDEON. Yes, you. If you lend me nine dollars today I'll pay you nine dollars and twenty-five cents tomorrow. That's the way to get rich.

MISERY (*counts on his fingers*). Why, I'll be making two bits. Without no work at all.

GIDEON. That's right. Give me the nine dollars.

MISERY (*pulls up pants leg and takes old purse from his stocking*). Boss, dat's all I got for a rainy day.

GIDEON. You don't need it. There ain't a cloud in the sky.

MISERY (*counts out nine old one-dollar bills*). Dere's ma roll.

GIDEON. Remember, tomorrow you get nine dollars and a quarter.

MISERY. Yes, I knows dat, but in de meantime I'z bankrupt. (*Kisses bills*.) Good-bye, old nine dollars, we's been mighty close-stickin' friends, you and me. Say, are you sure you'll gimme nine dollars and two bits tomorrow, boss?

GIDEON. Positive of it.

MISERY. Well, dere's ma nine dollars. (*Gives it to him.*)

GIDEON (*gives it to SAMANTHA*). Now pay that robber.

SAMANTHA (*gives money to PAT*). Now, gimme that telegram. (*Takes it.*) There's your telegram, Mr. Blair.

GIDEON. Read it to me.

SAMANTHA (*reads*). "Dear Grandpa: I missed the train today but will be on hand tomorrow on the afternoon train. Your Rosebud." That's all.

GIDEON. And I paid nine dollars and thirty cents for that.

PAT. Yes, and it was worth it, too.

GIDEON. Shut up! What do you know about it? Say, why haven't you been attending to business?

PAT. I have.

GIDEON. You have not. I saw you with a girl over in the park.

MISERY. (*Extends left forefinger toward PAT and sharpens it with right forefinger.*) Oh, naughty, naughty, naughty!

GIDEON. What do you mean by it? I ought to fire you.

PAT. It wasn't my fault, Mr. Blair.

GIDEON. Ain't you a married man?

PAT. I am not.

GIDEON. You ought to be. I won't have you working for me unless you're a married man. Then you wouldn't be spooning in the park with the girls.

MISERY. Oh, wouldn't he? Dey do sometimes, yes, sir, dey do sometimes.

PAT. Well, if you want me to get married I'll do it.

GIDEON. That's right. Go and do it. I want to see you. I'll be a witness and give you a fine present besides.

PAT. Where'll I get married?

GIDEON. Right here.

PAT. Here in the station?

GIDEON. Yes, sir. Right here.

PAT. Who'll marry me?

SAMANTHA. I will.

PAT. You?

SAMANTHA. Oh, this is so sudden.

PAT. No, no. I've got the girl, but where will I get the parson?

MISERY. Right here.

OTHERS. You?

MISERY. Yassir, me. I'z a regularly profaned parson ob de African Spiritualism Church, I is, and I can marry you jest as tight as anybody.

PAT. All right. I'm on. We'll have a rag-time, jazz-band wedding. (*Exits L.*)

SAMANTHA. There goes another chance. I thought he was going to propose to me.

GIDEON. And when my granddaughter comes tomorrow I'll telegraph to young Tom Rissle and have him come up here and they'll be married on the spot.

MISERY. On what spot, boss?

GIDEON. On this spot. He gets a million dollars if he marries my Rosebud.

MISERY. Who does?

GIDEON. Young Tom Rissle, the son of my old friend and partner Ebenezer Rissle.

Enter Tom from L.

TOM (*to SAMANTHA*). Isn't that Mr. Blair?

SAMANTHA. Yes, sir. That's Mr. Blair.

TOM. And you are the young lady, I suppose?

SAMANTHA. Of course I'm a young lady.

TOM. That settles it. Mr. Blair, there's a gentleman outside looking for you.

GIDEON. I don't want to see him. I'm too busy. Get out of here. You're not wanted. We're going to have a

wedding here and it's going to be private, sir. Private!

MISERY. Yass, sah, and I'z gwine perform de ceremony. Jes' wait a minute, boss, till I gets in ma weddin' clothes. (*Exits at L.*)

TOM. But, Mr. Blair, this gentleman is the son of your old friend Ebenezer Rissle.

GIDEON. He is? Where is he? I was just talking about him. He's a fine young fellow and is going to marry my little Rosebud.

TOM (*looks at SAMANTHA*). She looks more like a June bug.

GIDEON. Where is he? Where is the young scamp? I want to see him.

Enter TUTT from L.

TOM. Here he is.

GIDEON (*looks at TUTT, who has been pushed to him by TOM*). What! (*yells*) Are you Tom Rissle?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud, not so loud!

GIDEON. And my lawyers wrote me that he was a handsome young chap just out of college.

TUTT. Yes, sir. That's right, sir. I'm the handsome young chap.

GIDEON. Very well. I've given my word and I won't break it, but it will be an awful blow to Rosebud.

SAMANTHA (*looks out of door L.*). The wedding party is all ready.

TUTT. Am I to be married at once?

GIDEON. Not you! (*Yells.*) Of course not! Certainly not.

TUTT. Not so loud! Shhh! Not so loud!

Enter PAT from L., wearing plug hat and large buttonhole bouquet.

PAT. We're all ready to begin.

GIDEON. Wheel me over there where I can see the whole thing. (*Points to L. front.*)

(SAMANTHA *wheels* GIDEON to *L. front.* PAT stands at *R. C. near front*, his back to audience. TOM and TUTT in *R. corner at front.*)

PAT. Here comes the parson!

Enter MISERY dressed as parson with large book. He struts in.

SAMANTHA. Oh, I'm so excited.

GIDEON. Shut up! Shut up!

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud!

MISERY *advances to C. a little to rear and faces audience, very seriously.*

MISERY.

Is everybody ready?

Let the festival begin;

De best man to de entry

Lead de bridegroom in!

PAT.

Sure I'm already here.

SAMANTHA.

My, doesn't he look queer!

MISERY.

Now start de music playin'

And de bride will soon appear.

(*Piano plays eight bars of "Here comes the Bride" in quick, jazz tempo. TUTT one-steps with SAMANTHA and TOM one-steps with MISERY. GIDEON waves his hands and snaps fingers.*)

ALL. (*sing quickly*).

Here comes the bride,
Here comes the bride,

See how she wobbles
 From side to side!
 Here comes the bride,
 Here comes the bride,
 Rag-time and jazz-time,
 A jazz-time bride!

Piano changes to "Here comes the Bride" played in slow, march tempo. All resume former positions. Enter from L. Extra Lady, who is large and middle aged, dressed as tiny flower girl, sprinkling sunflowers from a market basket. She is followed by LULU in a long trailing dress of white, and wearing veil, wreath, etc. Other Extra People march in by pairs. LULU stands at L. C., her back to audience Music very soft. Deliver lines fast in a sing-song jazz, all snapping fingers and swaying shoulders.

MISERY.

What's this I see before me —
 Is you the blushing bride?

LULU.

I'll say I am, so start the show
 Before it rains outside.
 For my dress was made in France!

MISERY.

De bridegroom please advance. (To PAT.)
 If you say No,
 You'll stop de show.
 But it's your only chance. (Reads from book.)
 Man is mortal and made ob clay,
 Flesh is grass —

TOM.

And grass is hay,

MISERY.

Hush, man, hush, I'm takin' pains,
 Now all step forward and view de remains.

LULU.

This ain't no funeral, I think you're a shine. (*Takes book.*)

You got the wrong place. Turn to page 69. (*Returns book.*)

ALL. (*Dance break.*) Boom-de-boom boom, boom, boom!

MISERY.

Will you take dis damsel
As your wedded wife?

PAT.

I will, I will!

MISERY.

Will you honor and obey her
For all your natural life?

PAT.

I will, I will!

MISERY (*to LULU*).

Will you take dis microbe
For your husband true?

LULU.

I will, I will!

MISERY.

And support your family
Like a wife ought to do?

LULU.

I will, I will.

MISERY.

If you promise not to fight him
All your life—

I now pronounce you
Man and wife!

ALL (*dance break.*) Boom-de-boom, boom, boom, boom!

Piano plays a few bars of the Wedding March and PAT and LULU march out slowly, but pause at door. Piano changes to rag-time air and all dance one-step faster and faster as the curtain falls.

CURTAIN.

Act II

SCENE: *The same as Act I, but twenty-four hours later. Lulu is discovered at rise behind the lunch counter.*

LULU (*jazzing*).

I had a jazz-time wedding,
And a jazz-time dance;
A jazz-time one-step
And a jazz-time prance;
Pat's a jazz-time husband.
I'm a jazz-time wife —
And I'm certainly a leading
A jazz-time life.

Enter Tom from L. He goes to the counter.

TOM. Ah, good afternoon, little one.

LULU. Say, you'll have to cut out that little one stuff. I'm a newly-married lady, I am.

TOM. Have you seen anything of my friend today?

LULU. Say, whatcha think this is, a information bureau? We're here to sell meals, both table de hotty and a-la-carty, and that's all I know. (*Changes tone.*) What friend do you mean?

TOM. Shhh! Not so loud.

LULU (*laughs*). Oh, him? No, I haven't saw him. He's up at the white palace on the hill. Ain't he a caution? When I first seen him standin' before my counter yesterday I wondered who left the door open. Honest I thought the cat brung him in.

TOM. You mustn't speak lightly of him, fair maiden. He's the handsome young college hero, Tom Rissle.

LULU. Who, him?

TOM. And he's going to marry the old man's heiress.

SAMANTHA *appears at door L.*

SAMANTHA (*giddily*). How-de-do!

TOM. Here she is now. We were just speaking about you.

SAMANTHA. About me? How very romantical. I just love to be talked about. I'm so popular. Folks just talk about me all the time. I'm going to meet Tommy here and he's going to take me over to the lake in the park.

LULU (*to audience*). And throw you in.

TOM. Tommy?

SAMANTHA (*giggles*). Yes. You know. Shhh! Not so loud. Him.

TOM (*alarmed*). Say, you're not going to marry him, are you?

SAMANTHA. Well, I dunno. He ain't asked me yet. (*Giggles.*) But I think he's going to. (*Dramatically.*) And if he does — (*Pauses.*)

TOM. If he does?

LULU. If he does?

TOM. Well, what?

SAMANTHA. Oh, I don't think I could resist him. He has such compelling ways. I think I'll say yes.

TOM. Then I lose a million dollars.

SAMANTHA. If he only wouldn't say Shhh! so much.

TOM. He's used to it. You see, he's a married man and whenever he wants to talk he has to say Shhh! to his wife.

SAMANTHA. A married man? Oh, I didn't dream that Mr. Tom Rissle was a married man.

TOM. So you see he can't marry you.

SAMANTHA. Oh! (*Beginning to cry.*) And I've waited so long, too. (*Cries louder.*)

TOM. Turn off the tap, the faucet's leaking.

SAMANTHA. And he was s-s-so at-at-attentive to me, too. (*Sits on bench and cries loudly.*)

PAT *appears in door at L.*

PAT. What's the matter here? Who hurt that old lady?

SAMANTHA (*springs up*). Old lady? Oh, I'm insulted, insulted. (*Walks from front to rear several times in an agitated manner.*)

PAT (*follows her*). But I didn't mean it. Honest, I didn't mean it.

SAMANTHA. You did, too. (*Cries loudly.*)

TOM (*walking with them*). No, he didn't.

LULU (*joining the parade*). Of course he didn't.

SAMANTHA (*stops suddenly at front down L.*). I know what I'll do.

OTHERS (*stop down stage*). What?

SAMANTHA. I'll flirt with him and get him to propose and then I'll sue him for breach of promise. (*Turns to Tom.*) Then I could marry you.

TOM. Not me. I'm in love with an oriental girl.

Solo by Tom, others joining in chorus. Or mixed quartet specialty. At end Sam, Lulu, and Pat dance off at R.
TUTT *enters from L.*

TUTT. Shhh!

TOM. You here?

TUTT. Not so loud.

TOM. Well, I suppose you've been having a fine time up there in the big house while I had to sleep in that barn of a hotel.

TUTT. Fine time? That old maid won't let me breathe. Say, I want to go home.

TOM. Nothing doing until she refuses to marry you.

TUTT. I refuse to marry her right now.

TOM. No, no. If you do that I lose the million, she must refuse to marry you.

TUTT. She wouldn't refuse to marry anything.

TOM. You must make her.

TUTT. How?

TOM. Treat her rough. Scrap with her. Bite her.

TUTT. Bite her? Shhh! Not so loud.

TOM. She's over there in the park. Now's your chance. Go and talk to her and make her hate you. (*Sits on bench at R. C.*)

TUTT. How can I?

TOM. Oh, that's easy.

TUTT. But I'm afraid to go to the park. Paula Maleek might see me and then, blooey! she'll touch a match to the bomb and biff, bing! Good-night!

TOM. She's probably a thousand miles away.

TUTT. Not Paula. I saw her yesterday. That's why I crawled behind the counter. She's on my trail, and Paula never loses a scent.

TOM. She ought to be a good poker player.

TUTT. If she ever finds me, it's all off.

TOM. Then we must have a little quick action. Go over there in the park and insult the heiress and she will refuse to marry you. That'll make old man Blair sore and I'll get two million dollars.

TUTT. And I get thirty days and costs.

TOM. Certainly not. You get a free ticket to Cuba and one hundred dollars. Hurry now and have a scrap with the heiress. (*Yawns.*) I want to get away from this burg. I hardly got a wink of sleep last night in that hotel.

TUTT. My, my, I wish I was safe at home.

TOM. Well, pull this thing off right away, get the old girl good and sore and we can leave on the night train. Go on! Hurry up!

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. (*Crosses to door at L.*) And if you see Paula just throw her off the track. You'll know her. She's a Russian and carries a bomb. If she ever catches me biff, bing! Good-night! (*Exits at L.*)

TOM. (*Yawns.*) I can't see why I'm so sleepy. (*Nods as if going to sleep.*)

Train heard in the distance as in Act I. Bright music by orchestra. Enter ROSEBUD from L. Specialty by ROSEBUD and chorus of girls. Tom goes to sleep during the specialty.

ROSEBUD. I thought grandpa would be here to meet me.

FIRST GIRL. Don't you know where his house is?

ROSE. Of course, but I am sure he'll send the big touring car so let's wait here.

SECOND GIRL (*sees Tom*). Oh, there's a man.

FIRST GIRL. And he's asleep.

(*They surround Tom*)

ROSE. Oh, isn't he handsome?

SECOND GIRL. Let's waken him.

ROSE. How can we?

FIRST GIRL. You kiss him, Rosebud.

ROSE (*bashfully*). Oh, no. I'm afraid.

GIRLS. Go on. Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you.

SECOND GIRL. And he'll never know.

ROSE. Promise me you won't tell him?

OTHERS. Honest. Cross our hearts.

ROSE (*starts toward him, starts to kiss him, he moves, she starts back*). Oh, I don't want to.

SECOND GIRL. Don't be a coward.

FIRST GIRL. Who's afraid of a little kiss. I'll wake him. (*Starts toward him.*)

ROSE (*pulls her back*). You will not. I'll wake him myself. (*Kisses him, then runs and joins the other girls at L.*)

TOM (*awakens suddenly*). Something bit me.

(*GIRLS giggle*)

FIRST GIRL. He said something bit him.

TOM. (*Rises, sees girls.*) Oh! Now I know what bit me. (*GIRLS act embarrassed.*)

SECOND GIRL. We thought you'd miss your train unless we waked you up.

TOM. Somebody kissed me. (*Pause, goes to them.*) Now which one was it?

GIRLS. Shall we tell?

ROSE. Certainly not.

FIRST GIRL. We'll never give her away as long as we live. Will we, girls?

GIRLS. No, never.

TOM. Somebody did, for it nearly took my breath away.

ROSE (*hangs head guiltily*). Oh, it couldn't have done that.

TOM. It was you.

ROSE. How do you know?

FIRST GIRL. I'm a regular Sherlock Holmes. But you needn't worry, I'll never tell.

ROSE. Well, I should hope not.

FIRST GIRL. Oh, girls, there's a park out there, with flowers and a lake and everything.

SECOND GIRL. I want to see it.

FIRST GIRL. I just love a lake. Come on. (*Girls go out at L.*)

ROSE. Do you live here in Slabtown?

TOM. Oh, no. I'm only here for my health.

ROSE. Are you sick?

TOM. Love-sick.

ROSE. How ridiculous. What brought you to Slabtown?

TOM. You.

ROSE (*indignantly*). Don't you dare flirt with me.

TOM. I beg pardon. Won't you sit down?

ROSE. No, I will not. (*Still quite indignant, she sits down immediately on bench.*)

TOM. Neither will I. (*Sits beside her.*)

ROSE. Well! (*Springs up indignantly.*)

TOM (*doing the same*). Now don't get mad. Just as we were beginning to get along so well.

ROSE. We? You mean you were. I wasn't.

TOM. Now don't, please. Don't be angry. I wouldn't offend you for the world. I — I think you are the sweetest girl I've ever seen.

(*Duet may be introduced here*)

ROSE (*looks around*). Why, all the girls are gone.

TOM. Yes, funny, isn't it? We're all alone.

ROSE. I wonder where they are.

TOM. Over in the park. They have a lovely park here in Slabtown. Trees and everything.

ROSE. I must find them. You see they are my guests. I brought them all down from school in order to surprise grandpa.

TOM. I'll bet he'll be surprised.

ROSE. Where is the park?

TOM (*points to L.*). Right over there. I'll take you over.

ROSE. That wouldn't be right, would it?

TOM. Why, of course. You might lose your way, you know. (*They start to L.*)

Enter from L. PAULA dramatically.

PAULA. Stop!

TOM. What is it?

PAULA. Do you know a man named Tutt?

TOM (*trying to think*). Tutt? Tutt?

PAULA. Not tut, tut! Just Tutt! Shhh! Not a word. That's the man I'm after.

TOM. Never saw him in my life.

PAULA. He's trying to elude me. But he shan't escape. He shan't escape. He'll probably try to catch a train here at

the station. I'll conceal myself there (*points R.*) and wait for him. And when I find him— (*Pauses.*)

TOM. When you find him?

PAULA (*waves bomb*). He'll know a Russian's vengeance.

TOM. I'll bet if he ever sees you he'll be a rushin' all right. And he won't stop either. Good afternoon. (*Exits L. with Rose.*)

PAULA. I'll find him. Paula Maleek never fails, never fails. (*Exit R.*)

PAT *wheels GIDEON in from L.*

GIDEON. Now leave me here and go out and see if you can find that old maid. She's trying to flirt with the son of my old friend, but she shan't have him. She shan't have him. He's got to marry my granddaughter. If he does he gets a million and so does she. But if either one refuses to obey me it's all off. Go and look in the park.

PAT. Yes, sir.

GIDEON. Wait a minute. Wheel me down there. (*Points to L. front.*) I don't want to be in a draught. (*PAT obeys.*) Now get out!

PAT. In a minute. (*Exits L.*)

Enter PAULA from R.

PAULA. I am looking for a man.

GIDEON. That's not strange. Most women are.

PAULA. A man named Tutt.

GIDEON. Tutt?

PAULA. Yes, Tutt. He deceived me. He deserted me. He refused to obey the command of the purple button. But I am on his trail. Paula Maleek is on his trail.

GIDEON. Tutt? That name sounds familiar. Oh, yes. I've seen your Mr. Tutt.

PAULA (*rushes to him, kneels and kisses his hand*). Then tell me where he is. Tell a desperate woman where she can find him.

GIDEON. He's that young fellow who came down with the son of my old friend. Yes, Tom told me his name was Tutt. I shouldn't wonder if he'd be along here presently.

PAULA. Then I will wait. Vengeance is slow but sure. I'll wait in there. (*Points to R.*) And when I see him — (*waves bomb*) — he shall know what it is to desert a fond and loving wife.

GIDEON. Are you his fond and loving wife?

PAULA. I am.

GIDEON. What's that thing you have there? A baseball? Are you going to hit him with a baseball? That's no way for a fond and loving wife to act.

PAULA. (*Scornfully.*) Baseball? No, this is a bomb. I will await. (*Goes to door at R.*) And when I find him, ah, ha! Then shall I be avenged. (*Exits R.*)

Enter MISERY from L., singing dolefully.

MISERY. There once was a time
When I had money in ma hand,
Lived like a king
On de fat ob de land.
But Good Luck never
Done a thing for me,
And Bad Luck's got me
In ma misery.

I had a little wife
And I had a little honey,
But she done run away
An' stole all ma money,

I can't get work,
I'm a feelin' mighty poor,
De hoodoo's got me
In his clutches sure.

GIDEON. Hush up that hard luck story. You're always groaning about your hard luck.

MISERY (*comes to him*). Lawsy, lawsy, ef it ain't Mr. Blair. Ma hard luck's done vanished all away kase I got nine dollars comin' for a rainy day.

GIDEON. Well, well! I can't pay you today.

MISERY. Can't pay me? How come?

GIDEON. I haven't anything less than a thousand dollar bill.

MISERY. Here comes old hoodoo back again. You been owin' me dat nine dollars ever since yesterday, Mr. Blair.

GIDEON (*testily*). Now, hush up. Hush up! I don't like anyone to dun me. I don't like anyone to dun me.

MISERY. No, an' I don't like anyone to *do* me.

GIDEON. I'll admit I borrowed nine dollars from you.

MISERY. Dat's a fac'. And you promised me nine dollars and two bits back. Don' forget dat lil old two bits.

GIDEON. I know it. I know it.

MISERY (*comes close to him*). Can't you lemme hab dem two bits anyhow?

GIDEON (*snaps*). Back up, back up and let up.

MISERY (*in same tone*). Cough up, cough up and pay up.

GIDEON. Now see here, Misery, you'd better run along. You'll get in trouble if you don't.

MISERY. Trouble is right where I hangs up ma hat.

GIDEON. You'd better be careful. Some people are always borrowing trouble.

MISERY. Yass, an' some people is always borrowin' nine dollars.

GIDEON. Oh, you'll get it. You'll get it all right.

MISERY. You done got it. Nine good round dollars.

GIDEON. Don't you worry about your money. I'm able to pay.

MISERY. Able to ain' willin' to.

GIDEON. Why, I'm the head of this entire railroad. Only last week the governor came to call on me.

MISERY. De governor?

GIDEON (*proudly*). Yes, sir, the governor.

MISERY. Had you borrowed nine dollars off'n him, too?

GIDEON (*shakes cane at him angrily*). If you say nine dollars to me again, I'll hand you one.

MISERY. Do it! Do it! Den you'll only owe me eight.

GIDEON (*as if struck by an idea*). Ah, I have it.

MISERY. Yass, I knows dog-gone well you has it.

GIDEON. I mean, I have an idea.

MISERY. Yass, and you's got nine dollars, too.

GIDEON (*shakes cane at him*). Don't let me hear you say nine dollars again.

MISERY. Make it eight dollars and de res' in small change.

GIDEON (*smiles*). I have a brilliant idea.

MISERY. Makes you happy, does it?

GIDEON. It's a good thought.

MISERY. I'll bet you's gwine to pay me dat. (*Pauses as GIDEON shakes cane at him.*) You knows what I mean.

GIDEON. I'll give you a job.

MISERY. I don' wan' no job. All I wants is (*GIDEON shakes cane*) — you know!

GIDEON. How would you like to work here at the depot?

MISERY. Will it pay me nine dollars?

GIDEON. It pays you a dollar a day and tips.

MISERY. I ruther hab nine dollars and no tips.

GIDEON. I'll give you a job as assistant cook.

MISERY. What I got to do?

GIDEON. Just go in the kitchen there and help the cook.

MISERY (*in agony*). Go in dat kitchen? (*Points R.*)

GIDEON. Certainly. And assist the cook.

MISERY. If I goes in dere I'll kill de cook.

GIDEON. Do you want the job?

MISERY. No, sah. All I wants is ma — (GIDEON *waves cane at him furiously*). Well, you know what I wants.

GIDEON. I want you to leave me alone. That's what I want. Where's the lunch-counter girl?

MISERY. Over in the park.

GIDEON. I thought after I let her get married yesterday she would stay here and tend to her business. I won't have it. I'll fire her. Where's the ticket-seller?

MISERY. Over in the park.

GIDEON. Find him for me. Bring him here. I'm going to fire him.

MISERY. Well, you lemme hab dat nine dollars?

GIDEON (*throws cane at him*). Get out! (MISERY *dodges to door at L.*)

MISERY. I'm out. (*Makes quick exit at L.*)

Enter PAT from L. MISERY *bumps into him, he shoves MISERY out at L.*

GIDEON. Oh, there you are.

PAT. Yes, sir. Here I am.

GIDEON. Why ain't you attending to business. (*Yells.*) Why ain't you in your ticket office?

PAT. Aw, tie a tin can to that stuff and speak to me gentle.

MISERY *peeks in at door L.*

GIDEON. I'll speak to you gentle. You're fired.

MISERY. I'll bet he owed *him* nine dollars, too.

PAT. Fired, am I?

GIDEON. That's what I said. Fired. Go out and find that lazy lunch-counter girl and tell her she's fired.

MISERY. I better get out of here before he fires me, too.

GIDEON. Who's that talkin' back there?

MISERY (*comes down to him*). It's me. Say, boss, can you lemme hab —

GIDEON. You're fired.

MISERY. How come I'm fired? I ain' been hired yet.

GIDEON. You were. I hired you as assistant cook, but now you're fired.

MISERY (*marches in stiff-legged fashion around stage imitating drum*). Left, left, I had a good job, but I'm left. Left! Left!

Enter LULU from R.

GIDEON. Oh, there you are.

LULU. Yes, sir. Here I am.

MISERY. You're fired.

LULU. What's that?

GIDEON. Where's young Tommy Rissle? I want him.

LULU. Who's Tommy Rissle?

GIDEON. The son of my old friend Ebenezer Rissle.

MISERY. He means dat old "Shhh! Not so loud" man.

LULU. Oh, him? He's rolling the bones over in the park.

MISERY. Rollin' bones? Lead me to him. Misery, boy, here's your chance to git back some ob dem nine dollarses you loaned to some people outa de generosity ob your heart. (*Imitates rolling dice.*) Come seben, come a leben, kase ma baby needs a new pair shoes. Alla ka-zum, alla ka-zum, alla-ka-zum, zum, zum! (*Marches out at L.*)

GIDEON. Go over there in the park and tell him I want him right away.

PAT. Who, me?

GIDEON. Yes, you.

PAT. Not me. I'm fired.

GIDEON. Then I'll hire you again. Hurry up and find young Tom Rissle for me.

PAT. Do I get a raise?

GIDEON. A raise? I'll raise you with my foot if you don't hurry.

PAT. I'm gone. (*Exits L.*)

GIDEON. Young woman. Gimme my cane. Hurry up! (*LULU hands it to him.*) Now, tell me, what's become of my granddaughter?

LULU. What is it, a conundrum?

GIDEON. My little granddaughter, Rosebud Reese. She came in on the train, didn't she?

LULU. There are some strange girls over in the park. Maybe she's one of them.

GIDEON. Go over and see. Ask for Rosebud Reese and tell her her grandpa wants her right away.

LULU (*walks to L., using jazz dance step*). All right. (*Exits L.*)

GIDEON. I won't be happy until I've married the son of my old friend to my little granddaughter. It'll cost me two million dollars, but by George! it's worth it.

• MISERY comes in timidly from L.; approaches GIDEON timidly.

MISERY. 'Scuse me, sah.

GIDEON (*yells*). Whatcha want?

MISERY (*frightened, backs away*). I'm fired.

GIDEON. Whatcha want with me?

MISERY. Jes' a lil favor, boss. Will you hab de kindness ob heart and de natural generosity ob feelin' to —

GIDEON (*interrupts fiercely*). Don't you dare to say nine dollars.

MISERY. No, sah. It ain't dat. I jes' wants to ask a lil favor, dat's all.

GIDEON. Well, what is it?

MISERY. I wants you to fire dat cook.

GIDEON. That cook in there? (*Points to R.*)

MISERY. Yassir. Dat's de time.

GIDEON. You want me to fire that good-natured, kind-hearted, generous, loving old lady?

MISERY. Is she good-natured and generous an' kin' hearted, and all dat?

GIDEON. Of course she is. There isn't a better and sweeter tempered old lady in the state of Missouri, and you want me to fire her. Deprive her of her little wage, that she earns by the sweat of her kind old brow. You want me to drive her away from her little job and probably land her in the poor house. That good, old kind-hearted cook who's been with me for years and has a husband and several children that she supports by her daily toil. Good old faithful cook.

MISERY (*weeping in sympathy*). Good old faithful cook.

GIDEON (*tearfully*). The poor sweet-tempered old angel.

MISERY (*crying loudly*). Poor old angel.

GIDEON. And you want me to fire her?

MISERY. No, sah. I don' want you to fire her. (*Sobs.*) I don' want you to fire her. All I wants you to do is to get a ax and give it to me and lemme soak her jest once on de bean, when she ain't a looking.

GIDEON. Very well. I'll do as you say. I'll fire her.

MISERY (*shakes hands with him*). I knowed you was a friend ob mine. I always knowed it.

GIDEON. You go in and tell her she's fired.

MISERY. *Me* go in?

GIDEON. Certainly. I'm doing it for you.

MISERY. No, boss. *You* go in.

GIDEON. Nonsense. You're not afraid of her, are you?

MISERY (*proudly*). Who, me? Afraid ob dat good, old kin' hearted cook? Me? I ain' afraid ob no woman what eber lived. But I jes' naturally hates to tell her she's fired.

GIDEON. Go on and tell her. Tell her I have fired her at your request.

MISERY. Will you protect me?

GIDEON. She won't hurt you much.

MISERY. Much? I don't want her to hurt me, a-tall.
You better go tell her.

GIDEON. Be brave. Be a man.

MISERY. All right. I is a man. (*Crosses to door at R., pauses, returns to GIDEON.*) Say, boss, I don't like dis yere job. You fire her.

GIDEON. Are you a coward?

MISERY. No, sir, I ain't no coward. I'm jes' skeered, dat's all.

GIDEON. Tell her I have given you her job.

MISERY (*with a long drawl*). Oh! Dat makes a dif-funce. I gits her job, does I?

GIDEON. Certainly.

MISERY. Well, if dat's a fac', I'm gwine fire her.
(*Exits R.*)

Enter TUTT from L.

TUTT. Well, here I am.

GIDEON. Where have you been so long? (*Yells.*)
Where have you been?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud.

GIDEON. Have you seen Rosebud?

TUTT. Is that what you call her?

GIDEON. Who?

TUTT. That old maid.

GIDEON. No, no, I mean my granddaughter. The girl you are going to marry.

Loud noise heard off R., as if big fight going on. MISERY is hurled in from R. and falls C. He gathers himself up and looks at GIDEON.

MISERY. Say, boss, you made a mistake.

GIDEON. Did you fire her?

MISERY. No, sah. She wasn't as good-natured an' kin' hearted as you said she was. If you waits till I fires dat ole lady I'm 'fraid you'll be an old man yet.

GIDEON. Tommy, I think Rosebud is over in the park. Suppose you wheel me over there and we'll see if we can find her. (TUTT *wheels him to door at L.*)

Enter PAULA from R. just as TUTT wheels GIDEON out at L.

PAULA. (Rushes to MISERY, grabs his arm, scaring him.) Boy!

MISERY. Turn me loose, gal, turn me loose.

PAULA. Boy!

MISERY. (Looks around.) Lady, dare ain' no boy yere.

PAULA. I am speaking to you. Aren't you a boy?

MISERY. No'm, lady, I ain' no boy. I'z a man.

PAULA. Have you got a job?

MISERY. I done had a job, but I done lost it before I had it. He said I could be a cook, and wif de same breaф he said "You're fired!"— so dat's all.

PAULA. Why, you're unlucky, aren't you?

MISERY. Lady, ma maiden name is Misery. Good Luck don' live in de same town wif me.

PAULA (*smiles at him*). How would you like to work for me?

MISERY (*suspiciously*). What you want me to do? Tell de cook she's fired?

PAULA. No, no. Just assist me in a little scheme, that's all.

MISERY. Dat's de bestest thing I does, is scheme. Honest, lady, I'z a natural born schemer, I is.

PAULA. Did you see that man who just went out of here? I want him (*grimly*) and I'm going to get him.

MISERY. Wha's matter? Does he owe you nine dollars, too?

PAULA. He owes me everything, the clothes he has on

his back, the hat on his head, his position in society, his very life — all, all he owes to me.

MISERY. All dat ain't nuffin' at *all*, he owes me nine dollars!

PAULA. I am going to wait and watch and listen, and if he is a traitor I am going to use this. (*Shows bomb.*)

MISERY (*takes bomb*). Is you a baseball player, too? (*Swings arm as if pitching ball.*)

PAULA. Stop! Don't you know what that is?

MISERY. Baseball.

PAULA. It's a dynamite bomb.

MISERY (*trembling all over*). Goodnight, Misery! Lady, take your baseball.

PAULA. No, you must handle that end for me. You are working for me now.

MISERY. Lady, you better get another boy.

PAULA. Don't be a coward. All you have to do is to light the fuse.

MISERY. Yes, I knows dat. I lights de fuse and blooey! Dat's my last act. Somebody gwine to collect ma remains. No, lady, you's got to get another boy.

PAULA. Shh!

MISERY. I'm shhd.

PAULA. They're coming back. We'll wait in there. (*Points to R.*)

MISERY. Who, me? Wif dat cook? Lady, you'z shore got to git another boy.

PAULA. No, we'll hide behind the counter. (*Goes behind the counter.*)

MISERY. I don't like dis yere job a-tall, I don't. (*Looks at bomb, trembles.*) Lawdy, baseball, if you ever gets started you shore is gwine to do some damage.

PAULA. Quick! Disappear.

MISERY. Lady, if you ever light dat fuse I'll disappear.

And when I do I'll never appear no more. (*Goes behind counter.*)

PAULA. Quick, hide! (*They disappear behind the counter.*)

Enter from L. TUTT wheeling in GIDEON.

GIDEON. Now remember if you refuse to marry her you lose a million dollars.

TUTT. I won't refuse.

GIDEON (*gleefully rubbing his hands*). Ah, that's good. Then we'll have the wedding right away. You'll be married this afternoon, won't you?

TUTT. Well, I — (*hesitates*).

GIDEON (*yells*). Will you or won't you?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. I will.

(PAULA *springs up and comes to them carrying the bomb. She lights the fuse.*)

PAULA. You will not. You will never live to marry another.

TUTT. Paula!

PAULA. We'll die together.

(*Puts lighted bomb on stage near GIDEON. "Hurry" music.*)

GIDEON. What's that?

TUTT. Duck. It's a bomb. A dynamite bomb.

PAULA (*at R., laughs wildly*). Yes, and we'll all die together.

TUTT (*lies on floor and pulls bench over him*). Help!

GIDEON. Help! Will nobody save me?

MISERY. (*Rushes out and grabs bomb.*) Yes, I will save you. (*Carries lighted bomb out at R., holding it as far away from him as possible. Slight pause. Then big explosion heard off R. The stage manager must see that this*

explosion takes place at the proper moment. Fire a gun.)

GIDEON (*screams at explosion*).

TUTT (*screams at explosion*).

PAULA (*screams at explosion*).

GIDEON. Poor old Misery. He's a hero. He saved my life, but he's been blown to bits. Now I can never reward him.

Enter MISERY from R., overcoat off, face whitened and clothes in tatters.

MISERY (*quick*). Yes, you can.

GIDEON. Misery! How can I reward you?

MISERY. Pay me dat nine dollars!

QUICK CURTAIN.

Note: MISERY's quick change can easily be worked by wearing the tattered rags under his overcoat. As soon as he leaves the stage with the bomb he removes coat and someone puts flour spots on his face and hangs an old chair-back or wheel around his neck.

ACT III

SCENE: *The same as Act II, but an hour later. GIDEON is seated down L. SAMANTHA by him. GIRLS are grouped about the stage. PAT and LULU down L. All sing chorus (only) of some popular song. Enter ROSE from L. Specialty by ROSE with chorus by all. At end of specialty all exeunt at R. and L., except ROSE, GIDEON and SAMANTHA.*

GIDEON. Well, I certainly am glad to have my little Rosebud home again.

ROSE. And I'm glad to be here, granddaddy.

GIDEON. It's quite a coincidence, for your future husband is here, too.

ROSE. But, grandpa, I don't want a future husband.

GIDEON. You don't? Now, Rosebud, you don't know your own mind. Every girl wants a future husband. And you get a million dollars when you marry young Tommy Rissle.

ROSE. But suppose I want to marry someone else?

GIDEON. Then I've done with ye. I'll have nothing more to say except this, that not one penny of my money will ever come your way and you can go with your pauper husband and starve.

ROSE. He isn't a pauper.

GIDEON. Oh, ho! Then there is someone, is there? I thought as much. But I won't have it, I won't have it! You'll marry the only son of my old friend Ebenezer Rissle or you'll lose that million.

SAMANTHA. Now, Rosebud, be sensible; why, I'd marry anyone for a million.

GIDEON. You mean you'd marry anyone, million or no million.

SAMANTHA. And I'm sure Mr. Rissle is an awful sweet man. He's always saying, "Shhh! Not so loud!"

ROSE. But suppose he refuses to marry me?

GIDEON. Well, if he does that you get the million and he gets left.

ROSE. Is he good-looking?

SAMANTHA. Oh, he's a dream, a regular poet's dream. He has such a mysterious manner.

GIDEON. The women are all crazy after him. Why, a beautiful girl from Russia has been following him around and when she heard him say that he'd marry you she tried to blow us all up.

ROSE. I'll bet he refuses to marry me.

SAMANTHA. Maybe he will. He's been awfully attentive to me. And I'll take him whether he gets the million or not.

ROSE (*sings*). You can have him, I don't want him.

Enter MISERY from L.

MISERY. Excuse me, Mr. Blair, I didn't know you had company.

GIDEON. Ah, ha, it's Misery.

ROSE (*laughs*). Misery? He looks it.

MISERY (*comes down R.*). Mr. Blair.

GIDEON. Well, Misery, what is it?

MISERY. You know what it is.

GIDEON. That nine dollars?

MISERY. And two bits. You guessed it right the first time.

GIDEON. I'll never borrow nine dollars from you again.

MISERY. You bet you won'. I'll neber lend no nine dollars again.

GIDEON. Don't be a fool, Misery.

MISERY. If I hadn't been a fool I'd neber a lended you dat money. (*Comes close to him.*) Boss, I'z got eighteen

lil chilluns, all ob dem hungry, an' a hungry wife, an' she's got a hungry husband, an' dat's me.

GIDEON (*pushes him away*). Get out.

MISERY (*weeps*). Oh! (*Sobs.*)

GIDEON. What's the matter? I didn't hurt you. I only touched you.

MISERY (*sobbing*). Yass, I knows dat. You touched me right whar I'm tender. You touched me for nine dollars.

GIDEON. Now don't act like a poor fish.

MISERY. No, sah, I won'. I ain' no fish. I'm a sucker.

GIDEON (*sharply*). Now listen to me. You pay me some attention.

MISERY. Yass, and yo' pay me some ob dem nine dollars.

GIDEON. I'm not going to pay you nine dollars.

MISERY. You ain'?

GIDEON. No, sir. I am not.

MISERY. Good-bye, Good Luck,
You once was mine,
But now I knows
You is a shine.

GIDEON. You saved my life, didn't you?

MISERY. Yassir, I wish I'd a saved dem nine dollars.

GIDEON. And do you know how I'm going to reward you?

MISERY. No, sah. But anything you does'll be appreciated. I'z a hungry man, boss, and I got a hungry wife and twenty-one lil hungry chilluns.

GIDEON. I'm going to have you wheel me over to the bank and then I'm going to write a check for you for one thousand dollars.

MISERY. Boss, if it's all de same to you I'd rather hab dat nine dollars an' two bits cash an' a ham sandwich.

GIDEON. Nonsense. With a thousand dollars you can buy out Slabtown. Hurry and wheel me over to the bank.

MISERY (*wheeling him off at L.*). I ain't agwine to feel happy until I gits it in ma hand, kase my life has been too full ob disappointment.

GIDEON. Oh, you'll get it all right.

MISERY (*with closed lips signifying "yes"*). Um-um. Well, when I 'gits it I'm gwine celebrate and not till dat time. (*Exit L. with GIDEON.*)

ROSE. Now tell me, Samantha, is Mr. Rissle really good looking?

SAMANTHA. Yes, indeed. He's what you might call intellectual looking, and he's awful mysterious.

ROSE. Mysterious?

SAMANTHA. Yes, he's always saying —

Enter TUTT from L., quickly taking up SAMANTHA's speech.

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud.

SAMANTHA. Here he is now, Miss Rosebud. This is Mr. Rissle.

TUTT. I don't want to know her.

ROSE. How rude.

TUTT (*to SAMANTHA*). I'm going to insult her, then she'll refuse to marry me and I get the million.

ROSE (*to audience*). I wonder if grandpa really expects me to marry that?

TUTT. Say, have I got to marry you?

ROSE. Don't you want to?

TUTT. Well, I'm not going to refuse. I need the money. You don't want to marry me, do you?

ROSE (*smiles, goes to him and takes his arm*). Oh, Mr. Rissle, are you proposing to me?

TUTT. Well, I don't know. What would you say if I did propose to you?

ROSE. You just propose and see. Samantha, this is no

place for a young girl like you. Run over to the park and feed the gold-fish.

SAMANTHA. Well, I never. (*Flounces angrily to the door at L.*) I'll go, Miss Reese, but if you want my honest opinion of you I think you're crazy.

ROSE (*laughs wildly*). Ha, ha! She thinks I'm crazy. (*Slaps TUTT on back.*) She thinks I'm crazy. Pooh, I know I'm crazy.

TUTT. Well, I'll say you're beginning to act crazy.

ROSE. You wouldn't marry a crazy girl, would you?

TUTT. Of course I wouldn't. (*Hastily.*) Yes, I would. Yes, I would. For a million dollars I wouldn't care how crazy she was.

ROSE. It always drives me frantic to see a man with a collar and tie on in the presence of a lady. I'm frantic now. (*Tears off his collar and tie.*) Why do you do such things? (*Throws them down and jumps on them.*) Isn't that enough to make any lady frantic? (*Gives a sudden scream.*) Ohhhh!

TUTT (*jumps high in air at the suddenness of the scream*). Shhh! Not so loud!

ROSE. You have a hat.

TUTT (*looks at his hat*). Yes, it's a nice hat.

ROSE. (*Grabs it.*) It drives me mad to see a man with a hat. (*Throws it down and jumps on it.*) You must never have a hat again. (*Smiles at him coyly.*) Aren't we going to be happy when we are married, Mr. Rissle?

TUTT. You don't want to marry me. I always wear a hat.

ROSE. Yes, I'll marry you, but some dark and stormy night when you have a collar and tie on and are wearing a hat — do you know what I am going to do?

TUTT (*trembling*). No. What are you going to do?

ROSE. I'm going to lure you into the garden beneath the

watermelon trees and then I am going to stick you to the heart with a poisoned stiletto.

TUTT. Stick me with a poisoned spaghetti? You wouldn't do such a thing.

ROSE (*loud*). Wouldn't I? (*Louder.*) Wouldn't I? (*Yells.*) Wouldn't I?

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud.

ROSE. See, I have it here. (*Pulls dagger from waist.*)

TUTT. Is that poisoned spaghetti?

ROSE. It is a dagger, and whenever I see a man with a nose it makes me frantic. (*Creeping toward him, he edging away.*) And when I am frantic I creep, creep, creep toward him like this.

TUTT (*circling bench*). Yes, and I creep, creep, creep away like this.

ROSE. (*Makes a sudden grab and catches him, forces him to his knees.*) Sometimes I stick him with a poisoned stiletto and sometimes I bite off his nose.

TUTT. Don't do it. It's the only nose I got.

ROSE (*chokes him*). When I am frantic I don't know what I am doing.

TUTT. Help, help, murder, fire, police!

Enter Tom from L.

Tom (*grasping Rose and pulling her to R.*). What are you trying to do?

ROSE. I'm trying to bite off his nose.

TUTT (*down L.*). She killed me.

ROSE. He wants to marry me and I'm willing.

TUTT. Never! I wouldn't marry you if you were the only woman on earth. And I couldn't if I wanted to for I'm married already.

ROSE. Married?

TUTT. Oh, lead me back to my calm and peaceful Paula

Maleek. All she does is blow me up once in awhile. She never bites me.

ROSE. Then you refuse to marry me?

TUTT. Absotively, posolutely.

ROSE (*at C. to Tom who is down R.*). You hear him. You're a witness. He refuses to marry me.

TOM. Tutt, you're talking to the wrong woman. This isn't Mr. Blair's heiress. It's the other, the old maid.

ROSE. Oh, no. She's the housekeeper. I am Rosebud Reese, Mr. Blair's granddaughter.

TOM? You?

ROSE. Certainly. I thought you knew it all the time.

TOM. I never even suspected it. Then permit me to introduce myself. I am Tom Rissle.

ROSE. You?

TOM. At your service.

ROSE. The son of grandpa's old friend, Ebenezer Rissle?

TOM. Exactly.

ROSE. Then you are the man I am expected to marry.

TOM. Mr. Tutt, your wife is looking for you.

TUTT. Paula? Where is she?

TOM. In the county jail. Waiting for someone to bail her out.

TUTT. I think I'll leave her in.

TOM. I believe I owe you a hundred dollars, don't I?

TUTT. You do. And I surely think I earned it.

TOM. Well, I'll give it to you on one condition. (*Loud.*) On one condition.

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. Well, what is the condition?

TOM. That you pay your wife's fine and start all over again. Just show her that you are the boss and make her cut out bombs.

TUTT (*shakes hands with him*). I'll do it.

TOM. (*Hands him a bill.*) There's your money. Now go out and have a good time.

TUTT. I don't think it's safe to leave you alone with that crazy woman. She might stick you with a poisoned spaghetti or bite off your nose.

ROSE. What! (*Starts after him.*) What!

TUTT *runs out at L.* ROSE *returns to TOM.* TUTT *sticks his head in the door at L.*

TUTT. Shhh! Not so loud. (*Exits L.*)

ROSE. I think we'd better go and call on grandpa.

TOM. Say, it's all coming out right, after all.

ROSE. Are you really satisfied?

TOM. Satisfied? Why, I'm in Paradise.

Enter PAT and LULU from L.

PAT. No, you ain't: you're in Slabtown.

LULU. Say, old Mr. Blair is outside and half the town is following him.

(*Music outside L.*)

ROSE. What is it?

PAT. It's a regular jubilee. Here they come.

Enter all characters cheering. Loud music by orchestra.

ROSE. But where is grandpa?

SAMANTHA. Here he comes now.

Enter GIDEON wheeling MISERY in the wheel chair. MISERY is dressed up in flashy style and tossing dollar bills to the crowd. GIDEON wheels him down front.

MISERY (*in jazz-time to audience*).

Ladies and gents, a word before you go,
I hope each one ob you liked our show.
We did our best to please you

And we hope you liked our style,
And if we did we'd like to know —
So clap your hands and smile.
Come on, folks,
Don't be slow !
Clap your hands
If you liked
Our show.

ALL. One, two, three, let her go !
Clap your hands if you liked the show !

(ALL *dance break.*)

CURTAIN.

An Old Fashioned Mother

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

The dramatic parable of a mother's love, in 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females, also the village choir or quartet and a group of silent villagers. Time, 2½ hours. One scene: A sitting room. A play of righteousness as pure as a mother's kiss, but with a moral that will be felt by all. Contains plenty of good, wholesome comedy and dramatic scenes that will interest any audience. **Male Characters:** The county sheriff; an old hypocrite; the selfish elder son; the prodigal younger son; a tramp and a comical country boy. **Female Characters:** The mother (one of the greatest sympathetic roles ever written for amateurs); the village belle; the sentimental old maid; the good-hearted hired girl; a village gossip and a little girl of nine. Especially suited for church, Sunday school, lodge or school performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Good Samaritan. Aunt Debby's farmhouse in late March. The Widder rehearses the village choir. Sukey in trouble with the old gray tabby cat. "She scratched me. I was puttin' flour on her face for powder, jest like you do!" Lowisy Custard reads her original poetry and Jerry Gosling drops in to see if there are to be any refreshments. "That's jest what maw says!" Lowisy and Jonah pass the fainting tramp by the wayside and Deborah rebukes them with the parable of the Good Samaritan. The tramp's story of downfall due to drink. "A poor piece of driftwood blown hither and thither by the rough winds of adversity." John, Deborah's youngest son, profits by the tramp's experience. "From this moment no drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips." John arrested. "I am innocent, and when a man can face his God, he needn't be afraid to face the law!"

Act II.—A Mother's Love. Same scene but three years later, a winter afternoon. "Colder'n blue and purple blazes and snowin' like sixty." Jerry's engagement ring. "Is it a di'mond? Ef it ain't I'm skun out of two shillin'." "I been sparkin' her fer nigh onto four years, Huldy Sourapple, big fat gal, lives over at Hookworm Crick." Deborah longs for news from John, the boy who was taken away. The Widder gossips. "I never seen sich a womern!" "You'd think she was a queen livin' in New York at the Walled-off Castoria." Lowisy is disappointed in Brother Guggs and decides to set her cap for Jonah. Deborah mortgages the old home for Charley and Isabel. The sleighing party. "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" The face at the window. Enoch and John. "I've been weak and foolish, a thing of scorn, laughed at, mocked at, an ex-convict with the shadow of the prison ever before me, but all that is passed. From now on, with the help of God, I am going to be a man!"

Act III.—The Prodigal Son. Two years later. Deborah bids farewell to the old home before she goes over the hills to the poorhouse. "The little home where I've lived since John brought me home as a bride." The bitterest cup—a pauper. "It ain't right, it ain't fair." Gloriana and the baby. "There ain't nothin' left fer me, nothin' but the poorhouse." The sheriff comes to take Aunt Deb over the hills. "Your boy ain't dead. He's come back to you, rich and respected. He's here!" The return of the prodigal son. Jerry gets excited and yells, "Glory Hallelujah!" The joy and happiness of Deborah. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free

	M.	F.
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	6	18
Trip to Storyland, 1½ hrs. (25c)	17	23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8	3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	10
When Smith Stepped Out, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	4	4
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	4
Women Who Did, 1 hr. (25c)	17	

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

Price 15 Cents Each

All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3	2
Aunt Harriet's Night Out, 35 min.	1	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Getting Rid of Father, 20 min.	3	1
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Lottie Sees It Through, 35 min.	3	4
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Please Pass the Cream, 20 min.	1	1
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Smith's Unlucky Day, 20 min.	1	1
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	

	M.	F.
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Watch, a Wallet, and a Jack of Spades, 40 min.	3	6
Whole Truth, 40 min.	5	4
Who's the Boss? 25 min.	3	6
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8	

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each

Amateur, 15 min.	1	1
At Harmony Junction, 20 min.	4	
Axin' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hungry, 15 min.	2	
Little Miss Enemy, 15 min.	1	1
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.		2
Street Faker, 15 min.		3
Such Ignorance, 15 min.		2
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.		1
Time Table, 20 min.		1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.		1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.		4
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.		1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.		3
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.		2
What Happened to Hannah, 15m.		1

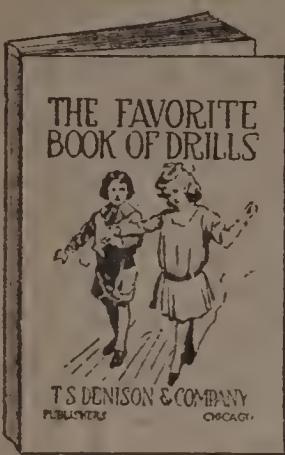
A great number of
Standard and Amateur Plays
not found here are listed in
Denison's Catalogue



0 015 907 623 4

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT BOOKS

Price, Illustrated Paper Covers, 35 cents each



IN this Series are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

A Partial List

DIALOGUES

All Sorts of Dialogues.

Selected, fine for older pupils.

Catchy Comic Dialogues.

Very clever; for young people.

Children's Comic Dialogues.

From six to eleven years of age.

Country School Dialogues.

Brand new, original

Dialogues for District Schools.

For country schools.

Dialogues from Dickens.

Thirteen selections.

Friday Afternoon Dialogues.

Over 60,000 copies sold.

From Tots to Teens.

Dialogues and recitations.

Humorous Homespun Dialogues.

For older ones.

Little People's Plays.

From 7 to 13 years of age.

Lively Dialogues.

For all ages; mostly humorous.

Merry Little Dialogues.

Thirty-eight original selections.

When the Lessons are Over.

Dialogues, drills, plays.

Wide Awake Dialogues.

Original successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

Choice Pieces for Little People.

A child's speaker.

The Comic Entertainer.

Recitations, monologues, dialogues.

Dialect Readings.

Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.

The Favorite Speaker.

Choice prose and poetry.

The Friday Afternoon Speaker.

For pupils of all ages.

Humorous Monologues.

Particularly for ladies.

Monologues for Young Folks.

Clever, humorous, original.

Monologues Grave and Gay.

Dramatic and humorous.

Scrap-Book Recitations.

Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 15 Nos., per No. 35c

DRILLS

The Best Drill Book.

Very popular drills and marches.

The Favorite Book of Drills.

Drills that sparkle with originality.

Little Plays With Drills.

For children from 6 to 11 years.

The Surprise Drill Book.

Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

The Boys' Entertainer.

Monologues, dialogues, drills.

Children's Party Book.

Invitations, decorations, games.

The Christmas Entertainer.

Novel and diversified.

The Days We Celebrate.

Entertainments for all the holidays.

Good Things for Christmas.

Recitations, dialogues, drills.

Good Things for Sunday Schools.

Dialogues, exercises, recitations.

Good Things for Thanksgiving.

A gem of a book.

Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays.

Little Folks' Budget.

Easy pieces to speak, songs.

One Hundred Entertainments.

New parlor diversions, socials.

Patriotic Celebrations.

Great variety of material.

Pictured Readings and Tableaux.

Entirely original features.

Pranks and Pastimes.

Parlor games for children.

Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Charades, and how to prepare.

Tableaux and Scenic Readings.

New and novel; for all ages.

Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures.

For little tots.

Yuletide Entertainments.

A choice Christmas collection.

MINSTRELS, JOKES

The Black-Face Joker.

Minstrels' and end men's gags.

A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.

Monologues, stump speeches, etc.

Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.

A merry trip for fun tourists.

Negro Minstrels.

All about the business.

The New Jolly Jester.

Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free